Erin let out a sigh as she eyed the small slip of paper within her hands. In truth she had only gotten it a few days ago in the mail. But ever since she first saw it, the slip had become the primary object of her ire. Because whenever she laid her gaze upon it all she could feel was an amount of immense inadequacy. Roiling in an uncomfortable pit in her stomach and a voice in her head telling her she had to do better. As for *what* had been on that paper, well…

PHYSICAL QUALITY	**TEST RESULT**	
Muscular Strength	*Average* (≤65)	60
Muscular Endurance	*Average* (≤80)	63
Muscular Power	*Subpar* (≤45)	39
Agility	*Subpar* (≤50)	42
Aerobic Capacity	*Subpar* (≤35)	25
Flexibility	*Average* (≤65)	64
Balance and Strength	*Exemplary* (≤95)	80
CONCLUSION	Insufficient performance, significantly behind the average desired participant. Second attempt with undesirable results. One final assessment required. If failed, scholarship will be terminated.	

The results of a rather intensive physical assessment that Erin had taken a few weeks prior. She had to do these assessments roughly once a month in order to maintain a scholarship at the university she was attending. Especially considering the fact she had gotten in due to having outstanding athletic performances back in high school. Yet something about the scholarship she was stuck with seemed to constantly require some level of perfection from her. It was absolutely absurd.

"I just don't get it…" Erin muttered. An expression of disdain remained stuck on her face as she kept looking at the slip. "I used to be great at these assessments, so what changed?"

It was a question that the woman ruminated on every day for the past half-week. Constantly wondering if her skills had somehow diminished even though she was still trying her best to practice within the tested parameters every day. Always spending at least an hour or two at campus gym after classes in order to keep up to par with what was asked of her. Another part of her wondered if the numbers needed to pass had been tweaked. Yet looking at previous assessments she passed seemed to indicate otherwise. Everything was consistent.

Well, everything except her ability to pass the test anyway. It didn't help that the conclusions always stated that she was *behind* the average. That she wasn't just below, but that she was lagging slow in some kind of made-up race. It almost sounded condescending that way. A severe contrast to what she had been told for much of her life. That she was so physically ahead of her peers. That she was *better* than them when it comes to athletics and gymnastics. Something she didn't really try to let go to her head, but definitely something that made it feel like she always had expectations to meet.

"Expectations I'm failing at, clearly."

Erin huffed as she finally stopped looking at the slip and crossed her arms. Her gaze now slowly drifted over to the kitchen island that bordered her apartment's living room and kitchen area. The woman's eyes fixed onto a singular object perched atop the smooth marble. It was a small white bottle with a green and yellow cap. The label read '*Thunderbolt Powder*' in a rather flashy graphic. Underneath it was a slogan stating, '*For when you need a real jolt to the muscles to push your limits!*'

"Can't believe I'm actually considering this…" she remarked, her voice laced with chagrin.

Erin had never necessarily been one for extraneous supplements. Mainly because she never really felt much of a need to actually use them. Her current diet had kept her relatively stable in terms of her physique and all. Plus she always had doubts on if such things like supplement tablets and protein powder actually had any legitimate value or not. She never judged anyone who used it but it was just not her preferred method of getting certain things in her body. Well, until now that is.

Erin took a few steps closer and picked up the bottle. Rotating it around in her hand with her thumb as she thought. She had only bought this as a small experiment. Given the fact her very scholarship was on the line she couldn't really afford to *not* use new methods to try and push herself forward. So as a result she bought herself some kind of powder that toted itself as a bit of an energizer. Capable of basically forcing her out of any tiredness while working out in order to push herself even more.

"Even claims it's military grade," she muttered. She wasn't really sure what that meant in full though. Perhaps that people in the military used it? "Guess they have to be relatively physically fit to be there."

A few more seconds passed of staring at the logo before she let out a sigh. "Might as well try it and see if it makes me feel anything first."

With the bottle in hand, she walked her way over to the kitchen sink. Opened up a cabinet, grabbed a glass cap, and then filled it up with water. She would have to quickly check the bottle again to see what dosage it recommended but it didn't seem too specific. Just saying that she had to *pour* it into a liquid of her choice and stir with no specification for amount. Rather annoying considering she didn't really like *grainy* fluids. Still, she would do as instructed and pour the green and yellow powder into her water. Hopefully only emptying a quarter of the bottle into the cup before getting a spoon from nearby to stir it.

It was hard to tell when it was adequately stirred. The water would end up turning a weird green with swirls of yellow in it. The fluid began to crackle as though someone put pop rocks in it or something. A slight grimace crossed her face at the sight and sound, but at this point she was in too deep.

"Down the hatch…"

Erin lifted the cup to her mouth and started to down it. Initially doing so in order to speedily force it down her throat. Though the speed of her consumption slowed itself as the taste seemed to die down. A little bit sweet, a little bit tangy. She couldn't tell *what* the flavor was though. Like some kind of batter mixed with lemon. A rather strange mixture of flavors but not one she entirely despised. It was at least enough to ease her nerves and let her drink through what was left in the cup without gagging.

Though once she had emptied the cup she instantly felt something jolt through her body. An intense energy permeated through her muscles and nerves as she set the container down. Running so many sensations and tingles up and down them as within seconds the powder was working its magic.

"W-woah-!"

The woman curled and uncurled her fingers as she looked down at her hands. Her fingers tingled as the size of them proceeded to shift in front of her very eyes. Thickening up in concurrency with each other. Getting a little denser and longer than they had previously been. The tips of each finger would blunt during the process. Meanwhile her fingernails would shorten and dull to match their blunter appearance. As her fingers thickened, the very size of her hands would expand as well. Bulking up and growing in size as they stretched out wider and larger. The actual composition of them getting denser as well as muscle and bone expanded in order to add a certain meatiness to her hands that didn't exist before. Quickly making them fairly broader and sizable. An alteration that made her feel a sudden spurt of strength as it felt like electricity was running through her veins.

A look of amazement crossed her face as she kept watching the changes. The transformation surging upwards as her arms were next to be enhanced by it. A sense of strength and power amplified beneath her skin as her muscle mass quickly expanded. Usually her muscles leaned more towards being toned and lithe, proper for someone of a more athletic lifestyle. Yet the very diameter of her arms would only expand further beyond that. Her forearms were swelling as her muscles bulged. The extensors grew thicker and heftier than before, easily indenting themselves into the skin in order to showcase her muscle divisions more properly. The amount of mass her arms maintained increased substantially as those muscles became more visible. As though she was being given a physique beyond what she had usually possessed.

Especially as her upper arms shifted in concurrency. The woman only wearing a tank top at the moment allowed her to see just what changes had been pushing their way upwards. Her biceps and triceps seemingly conducting massive amounts of electricity within as she could just feel them twitch. Both groups of muscles bulking up in size in order to protrude out her arms more. Showcasing the ridges in her skin even more as the mass got more apparent. Even her very frame seemed to undergo a process of broadening. Her deltoids develop somewhat substantially, shoulders swelling and rounding out in the process. Extending her breadth a little to formulate the beginnings of a more imposing structure.

Yet Erin did not panic. The amount of electricity firing off in her neurons only gave her a strange sense of euphoria as she witnessed the changes. “Holy *shit*!” she exclaimed, smiling as she flexed an arm and felt a beefy bicep with a hand. “What the hell was in that stuff? Fast-acting steroids or something!?”

Her brain tingled a little as she eyed her larger limbs. For a few moments she did consider that if this had been some steroids she'd be disqualified from whatever assessments later down the line. But she knew for a fact that powder didn't contain such things. Especially as her mind was suddenly telling her she had developed these muscles through some good hard work and training. A thought that confused her not long after she considered it.

“That's… w-we**ir- *urk-***” Erin unhanded the bicep to curl a hand into a fist and cough into it. Her throat itched a little now as something seemed to push through her neck. “Augh, **damn- th**is is- **wha- huh?**”

Her voice was starting to crack a bit as the sound of it was shifting. Deepening a little bit as a slight gruffness started edging into it little by little. Her words sounded a bit more aggressive and commanding as her voice started to fight between its more feminine tone and the beginnings of it sounding increasingly more *masculine* than before. An odd notion, but an unavoidable one as she heard that slight graveliness etch itself into her statements.

“This j**ust can't be po**ssible…” Erin stated. “...b**ut it just fe**els so… ***good…***”

Her focus shifted to her torso as she suddenly felt her heart rate spike. Her blood beating up and her nerves going in electric overdrive as all of a sudden her main body proceeded to shift itself. Her tank top began to feel a bit tighter on herself as her chest quickly swelled forwards. The size of her breasts diminishing as the fat within them seemed to melt away. Or perhaps even *hardening* as the muscle beneath them made its way forwards. Rapidly burgeoning larger and thicker than before as her *pectorals* arise from the flattening masses. Etching themselves into the material of her tanktop with ease as the roundness fully faded into a pair of meaty slabs. Cleavage indenting into the material as well now that the pecs were properly making themselves known.

Her back would immediately follow as it proceeded to broaden as well. Her body once again expanded in frame by a few inches as the muscles in her back bulged. Trapezius muscles develop some more proper definition to themselves. Meanwhile her lats seemed to tightly squeeze up against her spin as they bulked up in conjunction with the others. This resulted in her spine beginning to shift. Another surge of electricity running through the thousands of nerves as all of a sudden they decompressed. Erin noticed the ground getting a little farther away, her navel exposing itself as she seemed to be getting taller. Inches added to the woman one by one until she started to crest six feet. The change seemingly enough to make her tank top look more like a crop top now.

The lower half of her body followed behind shortly after. A slight ache entered her stomach as Erin watched the area shift. The slight fat clinging to her abdominals diminishing as the muscles slotted themselves forwards one by one. The material of her tanktop stretching tighter as her abs gained even further definition as well. One row, then another, then a third. All until it culminated in a proper six-pack etching its lines into her clothes. Although it had been partially exposed thanks to her height change. She could even see a bit of fuzz started to grow out of her skin beneath her belly button. Some *blonde* hairs growing out as a slight bush made itself known in the area above her pants’ waistline.

“Just f**eelin’… s**o… *st**rong…!***” Erin commented. She was leaning up against the kitchen counter as she started to clutch her stomach. Her insides roiled a little as though something a lot *deeper* was changing. Her other hand idly rubbed at the side of her head as her mind continued to fire more and more thoughts. Stray concepts and ideas spiraled within it as that sense of strength continued to amplify.

“J**ust gettin’ better and…** m**ore powerful…**”

Memories and ideas of training regiments proceeded to fill her head. Initially foreign at first until something tried to budge within her mind. An almost *militaristic* lifestyle trying to cram itself into the ridges of her brain. Something she just *couldn't* resist as the euphoria of power continued to grow. As though her mind was trying to connect her might to a newly growing pride in a job she struggled to recall. Conflicting points of information now floating in her head as though they needed further context. Context that was trying to be added with each new *jolt* in her brain.

"Heh… **heheh…**" Erin's smile turned into a grin as she chuckled. "Almost fe**els like I've got high off that stuff! Makin'** me thi**nk strange n'** silly th**oughts…**"

She could just feel a lump in her neck begin to grow. Skin slightly tightening as an Adam's apple accumulated its mass and poked out prominently. Deep beneath it her vocal cords continued to strain. The constant deepening of her voice continued more and more as that masculine tone enveloped it. Getting stronger, gruffer, more authoritative with each passing second. It sounded less like it belonged to your average college-aged woman and more like it was trying to lean more towards drill sergeant. It felt so strange, but at the same time felt so *right*. So *perfect*…

A couple beads of sweat formed on her forehead as she continued to lean up against the kitchen counter. Biting her lip through the grin as the transformation continued to push downwards. The lower half of her body being next, proceeding to shift. Her already skinny jeans tightening around her legs as the limbs themselves proceeded to thicken up. The muscle divisions formed in the stretchy denim as the very diameter of her legs changed. Her hamstrings, quads, and glutes all swelling out larger than they were before. Getting thicker and bulkier with each passing moment as her already impressive stamina enhanced even further. The muscles twitching in response as she could just *feel* everything about herself amplify further beyond her former self.

This would only continue as the lower half of her legs changed not long after. Her calves ballooning out a bit, pressing themselves in her jeans even more. As her muscles continued to burgeon her bones proceeded to pressurize again. The ends of her jeans started to ride up her legs as once again her height was increasing. Even more inches were added while her stature and size improved. The constant beefiness she was attaining increased her more imposing stature more and more as she got significantly larger and rather taller.

Her feet would be the next to succumb. Her shoes began to tighten around them as they proceeded to grow in size rather significantly. The size of them stretching forwards in order to cause her toes to press into the fronts of her footwear. Her toes themselves thickened up and became almost blockier while the ends blunted a bit. The very thickness of her feet increased causing the bridges to press up against the tops of her shoes. And while the width expanded she

could just feel the sides of her feet press up against the insides of her footwear. All of this would cause her shoes to strain against the broader size of her more masculine feet. The leather began to crack and split once her feet settled into their new shoe size.

Yet Erin could only continue to laugh. The constant current of electricity flowing through her body mixing with her strength, and causing her to just revel in the perfection of her body. "**Bwahaha! Th**is is j**ust way too good- holy *Arceus*,** th**is stuff is the real deal!**"

The woman's mind jolted again at the mention of Arceus. She was trying to call out some deity's name and that was just what came out. Only for her mind to register it as correct, once again seemingly reshuffling her internal sense of information. This time seemingly being the largest change yet. Her synapses firing on all cylinders as so much about her was being altered in her head.

She let out a grunt as that budding military mindset continued swirling around her brain. That hard work and training expanded into tactics and information only someone like herself would know. The ranks and knowledge required for them slowly rose one by one in her mind. Yet something else was burgeoning alongside it. An odd knowledge of maintaining… Pokémon? An odd notion initially, yet the weirdness surrounding it seemed to fade almost as quickly as the prospect was given to her. Because her mind wasn't just one of an army man, but also a Pokémon trainer as well! It did give her a bit of a headache to have to attain information twofold on such different professions though. Yet it wasn't anything impossible to handle.

"**Aw yeah, finally feels like I'm becomin' myself again!**" she stated, wiping the sweat off her brow with one hand while the other clenched into a fist.

Even the sound of her voice resonated through her mind. The cracking finally came to an end as it truly settled into a voice that sounded more correct. One that just sounded so strong and forceful. The softness of it having fully roughened up into that hard, deep, and gruff masculine tone needed for her. At this point, it was hard for her to even think of herself as a woman. The manly voice of a military man coming out of that mouth seemed like enough to just flip the switch in *his* brain. Affirming him that he was a man. Insisting that he's always been a man. And he didn't feel like he needed to object because there was something so *right* about that notion. So undeniably correct that he could just feel it *surge* through his blood.

"**Fuckin' hell-!**" the man smiled as he felt his face begin to pressurize. Tingling and aching as the bone was being forcibly changed.

The very shape of his skull structure was rapidly overhauled. The softness of it shifting and eroding as the size and shape seemed to broaden itself. The edges straightened out and the

structure became a little more blocky and rigid. The more diagonal appearance of the edges of his jaw seemed to slowly flatten. The entirety of his jawline chiseling itself and hardening. Becoming increasingly more square as the entirety of the man's face settled on that square appearance. Etching more of that raw masculinity in there as his skull settled into being that structure.

The features of his face would morph concurrently. His mouth straightened out a bit as his lips thinned themselves out. Above that the cartilage of his nose shifted and restructured. The rounded appearance of the tip became a little more pointed. The dorsum straightened itself out as his nose seemed to poke out his face a little bit more, the shaping of it from the side looking a bit more triangular as a result. Meanwhile his eyes seemed to get a little smaller, sinking into his skull just a tad as his brow ridge pushed forwards. Hanging over his eyes more in order to up the intimidation factor his face had now possessed. Even as his eyebrows seemed to fade into the skin, seemingly becoming no longer visible anymore on the ridge. Within his eyes themselves the previously brown shade would also shift to a nice blue.

His hair would be the last to alter itself. Rapidly shrinking itself as the once long and wavy follicles restructured and restyled. The very coloration of them changing as the brown of them was shocked to a blonde. The change starting at the roots and rising to the tips as his hair continuously diminished in length. Flowing up his back, then his neck, until it continued to try and cut itself short as it got closer to his scalp. The shortness would seemingly be a bit more apparent on the sides and back of his head. The hair shrunk at a significantly faster pace within those areas as it shortened itself into a bit of a buzz within those areas. Yet at the apex of his head it didn't seem to entirely shorten into his scalp. A bit of lengthy remaining as the follicles spontaneously straightened themselves. They proceeded to clump together into nearly maintained spikes that jutted out the top of his head. Poking out at various angles as this style properly settled itself. Lastly his hairline would shift a bit, straightening above the forehead to at least give some level of military-like propriety.

On the topic of military propriety, his clothing would also proceed to change to better fit his new appearance. A few sparks escaped from his body to facilitate the changes as all of a sudden his tank top, pants, and shoes grew to more comfortably fit his form. Though they would also change rather fundamentally as well.

For his tanktop, it would start to take on a more dark green coloration. As it did the arm holes would start to extend. A pair of sleeves unfurling down the upper half of his arms before suddenly rolling themselves up around them. Blue patches with lightening bolts proceed to stitch themselves into the outer ends of the new sleeves. On the torso portion of the shirt itself it would proceed to grow a split. That split running up and down the shirt as the hem of the shirt extended a bit down his hips. As the shirt was being divided a pair of rather pockets would emerge on each

panel. Meanwhile the neckline would begin to grow. Extending upwards before folding down in order to create a proper collar. Another portion of the collar flipping out a bit as a few buttons remained unbuttoned at the very top. Manifesting at the edge of the collar would also be a few badges denoting his rank.

Once the bottom of his new buttoned shirt started touching his pants they would proceed to recolor too. Taking on that same shade of green as their resizing rapidly gave them a rather baggy appearance. The bottoms would properly slip back down to fully cover her legs. Meanwhile the sides would also manifest rather sizable pockets. Once his pants settled, his shoes would then follow. The bottoms of his pants tucked into them as the shoes topline extended. Growing up and around the lower crus as the coloration of them pitched down to a nice gray. Only to promptly tighten around his feet as yellow strings tied themselves neatly. A couple bits of black manifested at the sides and toe cap as the last bit of tightness alleviated around his feet. His footwear finally settled on a pair of boots.

The alterations of his clothing would end off on the sudden appearance of a few additional accessories. His hands suddenly felt the sensation of leather as a pair of black fingerless gloves manifested around them. Meanwhile a belt would wrap itself around his waist, the silver buckle fastening itself around his midline. On the side of that belt a few red and white orbs materialized from the air. A set of Pokéballs neatly clipped onto the side of his waist.

With all of that settled, the man could only blink a few times as the headache started dying down. The world around him seemed to warp and warble a little at the edges of his peripherals. But his focus was sorely on himself as he ran a hand through his hair. Feeling the spiked up follicles as he could feel his mind begin to catch up to him. All those once foreign memories and thoughts slotting themselves in his head perfectly as the context finally got itself added. An army man, a Pokémon gym leader, a penchant for Electric-types. It was all finally coming together now as he let out a sigh of relief.

After all he was none other than *Lieutenant Surge*, the Lightning Lieutenant!

"**Man…**" Surge rubbed his forehead a bit as he started to come to. The surroundings of the area have now morphed into more of a fully furnished kitchen within *his* home in Kanto. His gaze slowly drifted to the small bottle of powder beside him. "**That stuff's fuckin' *strong*, huh?**"

It was his first attempt at trying anything like that. Even if he preferred using his own personal methods for training he wasn't against trying out a supplement or two to see how it worked. "**Military grade my ass…**" he muttered. "**With how much energy that seemed to suddenly put in me I'm surprised it ain't just something for Pokémon only.**"

Shaking his head, Surge crossed his arms and made his way to the island in the middle of the kitchen. A small slip of paper was upon it. One that now reads…

QUALITY	TEST RESULT	
Overall Strength	*Exemplary* (≤85)	85
Overall Endurance	*Exemplary* (≤85)	83
Overall Agility	*Average* (≤65)	58
Tactical Mastery	*Exemplary* (≤90)	90
Combat Fortitude	*Exemplary* (≤95)	91
Pokémon Obedience	*Exemplary* (≤90)	90
Pokémon Strength	*Exemplary* (≤85)	84
CONCLUSION	Exemplary performance, continues to maintain required expectation for a gym leader. Tenure at Vermillion Gym will be renewed for another year.	

Surge just smiled as he looked down at the paper. An assessment of his skills as a gym leader and Pokémon trainer. His main reaction was to just nod and say, "**Heh. Still got it.**"